

“Crude and Vulgar” Says Miss Eis of Tango As Danced Here

Yet Women in Europe Show That the Dance May Be Graceful, Healthful and Effective as a Reducer

MISS ALICE EIS, the dancer, was born in the United States, in a real American town, Dayton, Ohio, even if she is best known in Europe, where she has been dancing four years. Consequently her patriotism was shocked when on making a round of the cafes and other places where turkey trotting goes on she found herself forced to the conclusion that New Yorkers in their public dancing were generally crude and frequently vulgar. This of course, in comparison with Europeans. The moral aspect of the matter should not attempt to dance in public until they had mastered the art.

"Ever since Vernon Castle and his wife, Irene Castle, introduced the turkey trot at the Cafe de la Paix in Paris the French people have been struggling with this American problem," said Miss Eis; "but although the French people love dancing more than any other form of amusement, the turkey trot is too much for them. But they do not spoil their art by being prudish about the crudeness shown by some American women I have seen in New York cafes and cabarets.

"I never could see any excuse for the turkey trot anyway. It is essentially ugly. It is purely a comic dance; but, like all low comedy effects, it may become very awkward, ungrainly and objectionable otherwise. I have seen it attempted in Berlin, where in spite of its awkwardness there was no suggestion of vulgarity. I have seen it done in Vienna, where it was really not a turkey trot at all, because of the grace which the Viennese women put into it. I have seen it done in St. Petersburg, with a madness characteristic of the Russians, and I have seen it attempted by the staid British matron, most politely. In fact not until I saw it in New York did I realize how immodest it could be. I do not mean that the New York women who first realized the crudity of the efforts. They were simply trying to do what they had been told was the proper way to dance the turkey trot.

"I am really glad, though, that Americans have taken up the dancing craze, because it is the most healthful exercise and tends to improve the figure and to get rid of a great deal of superfluous animal spirits. There are no women in the world who can compare with the American woman once she learns to dance. And there is no age limit for women in dancing. I have seen more American women with white hair dancing publicly in the cafes in New York than I have ever seen abroad.

"No woman need lose her figure if she takes to dancing, and I fancy that American women have discovered this and hence the present dancing craze. In confidence to those women who wish to take full advantage of the improvement which dancing will give them, let me suggest that they wear about four yards of very thin rubber fashioned like a belt around their hips when they are dancing. This will reduce the flesh and give them that graceful line which is the universal feminine ambition. Many of the European women have adopted this trick with splendid results.

"I mention this because it emphasizes the underlying motive which has induced so many women to adopt dancing not merely as a recreation but as a useful exercise. It is far more effective than walking and even more delightful than horseback riding.

"The tango tea has become as much an institution of the social life in Europe as it is trying to become in New York. Of course no woman can dance the tango unless she wears a skirt split to the knee. The intricate steps of this dance require it. Gowns of this extremely modern cut are more freely worn by women abroad than they are here, so that a woman dressed for afternoon tea in Europe is usually ready for a tango.

"The more I consider public dancing in America and in Europe the more incomprehensible to me is the attitude toward public dancing in New York. In Berlin the proverbial monotony of the German waltz has become a national joke. The Germans will waltz for hours, even when the music is so bad that it is almost incapable of reversing. And yet Berlin is probably the gayest capital in Europe to-day. There is more public dancing in the cafes of the German capital than in any other city in Europe, and there has never been an interference with the public inclination. Why is it that in New York we seem to question the moral motives of men and women who simply want to dance a little more and not so gracefully as the Europeans?"

"With the exception of the turkey trot, which, as I have said, unless it is done with a fine sense of comic fun is crude, the dancing which I have seen in New York cabarets is only an attempt to do what the Europeans have been doing for a long time. The tango, which by the way is not European, but comes from South America, is just as much the rage in public dancing abroad as it is in New York. French dressmakers have to consider the requirements of the tango in designing new gowns.

"The tango requires the utmost grace and skill to do it well. It is one of the most difficult dances. Only the South American understands it. During the figures of the dance he never takes his eyes off the face of the woman he is dancing with. In New York teachers are getting \$20 for a half hour lesson in the tango, and they haven't a moment to spare. But the New York woman is still very provincial in her tango work. She is crude, and to cover up her inefficiency she exaggerates and destroys its subtlety. There is nothing suggestive in the tango. It is the epitome of grace, a slumbering volcano of high spirits.

"The professional cabaret dancer over here are much better than those I have seen abroad. In fact, I have seen no stage dancing as smart and as clever in Europe as I have seen in America. The American dancer is the best in the world.

"But if New Yorkers believe that it is wicked to dance in public cafes after 2:30 A. M. they should go to St. Petersburg, where the theatres are not out until 2:30 A. M. It is then the public dancing in the cafes and cabaret of the Russian capital begin. The Russians regard a

Americans as mad, and I think that we can return the compliment, for it is customary in St. Petersburg to go home at sunrise. It is not a strange sight to see women covered with jewels and in low cut evening gowns riding through the streets in the early morning after they have spent the night dancing.

"There is more liberty in St. Petersburg than there has ever been in New York. You can say or do anything that you want to, excepting about the Czar. Anything against the Czar is a prison offence. You can sing in the streets at the top of your voice and no one will stop you. And yet the social life in Russia is cultured and intellectual, but

they enjoy themselves, and their morals are not under suspicion because they do. "I have seen exhibitions of stupidity and drunkenness in cafes in New York such as I have never seen in places of the same sort abroad. Things that are vulgar are naturally stupid, and that is why the Europeans are perhaps more agreeable in their amusements than the New Yorkers. It may take a little time, but I am sure that the good sense and the good heart of the Americans will eventually overcome this foolish prejudice against an amusement that can be as harmless and delightful as any game for children.

"That is the way they have entered

into the spirit of public dancing abroad. Of course, national temperaments differ. To my mind, Russian dancing is the most wonderful and the most exciting. In their native dances the Russians express the wild passionate temperament of their country. The Spanish dance, which once upon a time we used to think so inspiring, has lost its novelty. It always seems to end in the same way, with castanets in air, a twist of the body, and "he-he-he." The Finnish dancers are very interesting and extremely gracefully graceful. I am very fond of the Austrian and Hungarian dancing.

"The waltz is of course the prevailing dance in Europe, as here, but it is nevertheless old fashioned. Ragtime dancing will scarcely ever become popular in cafes for the public, because it is entirely too difficult and because it requires a good deal of study.

"For foreigners who want to dance the tango are to be criticized, my only criticism is that they do it so badly. A woman is just as safe at a tango tea in a first class cafe in New York as she is at an afternoon tea among friends."

The Household Hurricane, Sure Preventive and Cure for Colds

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

WHEN Noah Webster was a small boy his mother, like all good old fashioned mothers, carefully shielded him from hobgoblins, night air, drafts and such things. But Noah had remarkable vitality, for he outgrew the shielding, ultimately inherited man's estate. Among his works was a romance which enjoyed a phenomenal sale.

In Chapter D of the unabridged edition of that book Dr. Webster devoted a line or two to the elucidation of the etymology of the word "draft." Nary a word did he say about its alleged dan-

pers, nor did he even refer to direct and indirect varieties, so much employed by indoor sanitarians in their advice to mothers, but just this: "A draft is the moving of air."

Noah may not have been feeling well when he perpetrated that unpardonable joke on his contemporaries. The moving of air. The very idea! As though moving air could hurt anybody! What he should have said it is "the household hurricane." The man was positively cynical about it.

Moving air is entirely too tame a definition when you take into consideration all the damage a draft is said to be capable of doing. Nothing less than the

**Don't Be Afraid of Drafts,
for Cold Air, Quiet or
Moving, Never Causes
Anything But Good
Health**

household hurricane will suffice for us housebred hygienists. We want fresh air, certainly, lots of it, day and night, but as to drafts—well, just listen to the family doctor:

"Yes, Mrs. Pepper, have plenty of fresh air circulating through the room, but be careful about drafts!"

"All right, doctor, we'll be careful. Mary, put the window board in place, please. Helen, you draw the screen about the bed. Grace, you may bring a blanket from Julia's room and hang it at the head of poor Jane's bed, like a good girl. Johnny, go and get the hot water bag. There, now the draft can never reach the little darling, can it, doctor? What do you think the trouble is?"

"Well—er—hum!—nothing more than a slight cold, I guess. Notice that I only guess, Mrs. Pepper. To-day it's a cold; to-morrow—well, the Lord only knows what it will be. Speaking frankly, as your friend—for I don't dare to speak so frankly to many of my clients—I wish you'd forget all I said just now and remove the screen—the draft is a help to the little tot."

"What? Why, doctor, I thought—"

"Yes, so did I a few years ago. But that was before we had learned the bacterial cause of consumption, pneumonia and ordinary so-called cold in the head. Now we know better. We know that cold air—quiet or moving indoors or outdoors—never causes anything but riproading good health, all hearsay health writers to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Why—is it—what would you—why, goodness me, doctor, aren't drafts dangerous, after all?"

"Deadly, Mrs. Pepper, deadly. Cold drafts are the most dangerous things in the world—for the germs of the indoor plague."

"Consumption, you mean, I suppose?"
"Yes, and pneumonia and *corvix* or cold in the head germs too. They're indoor plagues, all of them, and the germs can't exist a moment in cold air. You've undoubtedly read the reports of various polar explorers—how they never catch a cold all the time they are away from civilized communities and the artificially heated house, although they necessarily live very unhygienic lives and suffer the most severe exposure imaginable."

"Y-yes, I—I've often read such things, but still—still I'm afraid——"

"You're still laboring under the delusion we all harbored a few years ago. Just look at it in a common sense way, Mrs. Pepper. Why should moving air hurt us indoors if it doesn't harm us

"Well, I'm sure I don't know. But the authorities have always warned us to be careful about drafts. Even you used to tell us that, doctor!"

"I plead guilty, but I've been forced to change my mind. Mrs. Pepper, you see, the modern outdoor treatment of tuberculosis and pneumonia has taught us a great many things we didn't know even ten years ago. At Sea Breeze Hospital, for instance, where little children are being miraculously cured of even bone tuberculosis by cold air, the word draft is excluded from the vocabulary. In fact, they have regular indoor hurricanes blowing through the wards day and night, summer and winter. The windows are never closed and the children have no colds, they enjoy the bracing effect of the air every

"Then shall we remove the screens altogether?" she asked doubtfully.

"By all means—and the window board too. Send the whole outfit to the Old Ladies' Home—they need 'em there."

Little Johnny was trying to reach up on the stand where the patient's glass of water stood.

"What! Out of sick sister's glass?" Young man, you set that glass down instantly!" said the doctor severely, taking the glass from the boy's hand. "If you drink from Jane's glass you'll get a dose of castor oil to-night, my little man! Gracious sakes alive, we'll be having an epidemic of coryza in this household if we're not more careful than that."

"Then we must keep Jane's utensils separate from the rest, I suppose?"

"Certainly, just as though Jane had diphtheria. And there must be no kissing, no careless interchange of handkerchiefs, no swapping of gum or candy, no open face sneezing. Also you must boil Jane's handkerchiefs and all her dishes before placing them in contact with others. That's all you need do. No danger in being in the room with her, provided she doesn't sneeze or cough at you openly. Do these things and I'll guarantee you'll catch no contagion from Jane."

The doctor was moving toward the door. Mrs. Pepper tucked in the blanket around Jane's feet and felt of them to see if they were cold.

"Shouldn't she have more over her especially in the night?" she wondered.

"Put on all the warm blankets she wants—and no more," ordered the doctor. "A child's instinct is a safer guide in that matter than an adult's. No need of being cold—won't do a bit of good. Personal comfort is the supreme law of hygiene. As long as Jane feels comfortable she has all she should have. If she feels cold she'll soon let you know that. I never knew a child yet that would sleep with her sweater, mittens and cap will keep her as warm as toast, and the cold air breathing all the time will keep her circulation active too."

If the shade of Noah Webster had looked in on the smiling little convalescent early next morning and noticed the indoor hurricane blowing through the room he would have felt constrained to revise a line or two in Chapter C of his one best seller to read as

Cold—Noun: An indisposition occasioned by exposure to another case of a rather similar indisposition, regardless of the weather. Prevented and cured by exposure to cold best obtainable in the

Draft: An indispensable requirement for ventilation—Mrs. Gamp and the Old Time Family Doctor to the contrary notwithstanding.

How Artist of Eighteenth Century Depicted Happy Home Life of French and Italian Families



A FRENCH FAMILY

This painting by T. Rowlandson and engraved by S. Alken was published in London on November 5, 1792, by S. W. Fores.



AN ITALIAN FAMILY—By T. Rowlandson; Engraved by S. Alken

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